

which it rested, up to the doctor's and read there that all was over. She uttered a little wild shriek, and would have fallen but for his timely assistance. To think that she, who had always had such a dread of death, let him come in what guise soever he might, was now standing in his very presence, oh, it was dreadful, dreadful!

Dr. Rosselle could be of no more assistance there; even had circumstances required it, he had not learned that perhaps more difficult of arts, the art of ministering to the consolation of those who remained alone, after relieving the bodily suffering of those who have just gone at their Master's bidding. Therefore, he now assisted Miss Ethel to her room, leaving her to the care of Lottie, who, having finished her song, was on her way down stairs.

After they had gone, Aunt Grace summoned all her courage, crossed to the bedside, and looked for a moment with almost the love of her early childhood upon the wasted form of her sister, truly wishing at that moment that the barriers she herself had raised on account of the difference of their worldly circumstances had never been thought of. Then she too went softly out, going to her own room.

Good Dr. Lyman was the only one left. You would probably suppose that he would go to the sorrowing daughter and repeat to her comforting promises telling of love and faith and a future meeting. Had it been any one else than Florence Walton, he would probably have done so, but he was fully aware that she had all these fresh in her memory; that the mother whose earthly loss she now mourned had impressed them deeply upon her heart; and more, that his Spirit who alone can render them efficacious was present to apply them; and so, instead of this, he only opened the Bible on the stand to the second chapter of Job, and placed a mark at the last verse: "And none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great."

There Florence found it afterward, just as he had marked it, and in her heart she thanked him for his kind and delicate sympathy.

Truly, her "grief was very great," but while, in the first unrestrained outburst of that grief, when she found herself alone with her precious dead, her tears flowed thick and fast, yet not a thought of hopelessness or rebellion mingled with that sorrow. She knew that it was well with her loved one—that God had done what seemeth him good in taking her unto himself. Yet such a sense of loneliness came over her as none can realize save those who, like her, have sat by the bedside of some dear counsellor and guide whose earthly mission was finished, and who had been called up higher to receive the promised reward.

Did you ever, gentle reader, in the midst of some freshly-wrought sorrow, look out upon the world and deem it almost sacrilege that the sun shone as brightly as of yore—that the pale moon should look down so serenely upon this sin-stricken earth—that the blithe feathery songster should pour forth their melodious harmony as cheerily as ever? Did you ever sit alone, yet surrounded by your accustomed friends, and wonder how each fair face could wear its wonted smiles—wonder if you should see life and beauty and love and joy again, as you saw them before?

"Some friend we know is lying low, Where human kisses cannot reach his face?" Did you? Then you know just how Florence Walton felt on that lonely afternoon in which all that remained on earth of her mother was committed "dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Yet as the days went past, resolving themselves into weeks, each hour fraught with its separate duty, Florence learned, slowly perhaps, but not less truly, that though God had taken one blessing from her cup, he had yet not removed all—that her sorrow could not exempt her from her duty—nay, rather privilege of work in his vineyard. And this brought her some rest, even happiness; for had she not, just as her mother had told her, still the arm of Jesus to rely upon? And could she, then, be long unhappy, knowing, whether in the deep waters of affliction or in the sunny pastures of prosperity, that she was led safely by the hand of One who "careth for us"?

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. A Tour in Newfoundland.

VII. BAPTISTS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

There are Baptists in Newfoundland, though uncared for and neglected by their brethren in the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion, by their brethren in England, and the United States. These neglected Baptists have no minister and no church organization; and generally worship therefore with one or other of the Protestant Churches within reach. As was to be expected these brethren would prefer to attend a church and ministry that preaches the gospel and administers its ordinances, as they believe, in a form more in accordance with the teaching and example of Christ and his Apostles, and more in harmony with the spirit and design of His kingdom than what is ordinarily taught and practised as to the points referred to, by those who differ from us on those important, though subordinate matters. Were the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces to enter on Mission work in Newfoundland, with determination to labour earnestly and faithfully for the salvation of souls and for the manifestation of the truth in the love of Christ, I entertain no doubt whatever that great spiritual results would follow to the honour of God and the joy of many. Other denominations have laboured earnestly and with success in that country; and there is no valid reason why the Baptist denomination should not do its part in Evangelistic and Christian work among a people within easy reach—many of whom doubtless need spiritual instruction and care and training no less than others in these favored provinces. The commission includes Newfoundland, as much as it does India and Burmah, Europe and Africa, or any other portion of the world—enlightened or unenlightened. That there are Christian churches and ministers already organized and at work, is certainly no argument against other labourers coming in and putting forth endeavours to lead souls to Christ, truth and holiness. If it were, Baptists would find that of necessity their mission is become very much circumscribed. But their mission is as large as the world and they should seek to accomplish it to the utmost. The writer has endeavoured to discharge his duty in respect to Newfoundland by personal labour and sacrifice, and now, under God, leaves it with his brethren to determine whether they will enter on Evangelistic and Christian work in Newfoundland. Unless we sow, we shall not reap. To my esteemed brethren of other denominations who extended to me while in Newfoundland, Christian courtesy, sympathy and help, I beg to express my cordial thanks, and desire that great spiritual blessings may attend their labours and their lives among the people.

RETURN HOME. On the evening of October 13th I left St. John's in the steamer Ranger, Capt. Pike, for North Sydney, C. B., where, after a pleasant voyage we arrived on the 16th. A visit among my friends was greatly enjoyed. I had the privilege of preaching twice to my former charge, Pitt Street Church in Sydney; and by special request in the new Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Murray, pastor, in the same town. The general depression in business seemed to affect unfavorably the religious interests of this town. I also had the pleasure of preaching in the Baptist Church at North Sydney, to a large and very attentive congregation. Their new pastor, Rev. James Bancroft, is earnest and judicious in his work and is highly esteemed in the community. Our brethren at Sydney were praying and negotiating for a pastor, and are now favored with one, and his labours appear to have resulted in much spiritual good in portions of his field. In returning I took the Bras d'Or route, stopped a few hours at Hawksbury, saw Bro. Peter Paint, Junior, and had a pleasant conversation on important matters. We took steamer to Pictou, thence I reached St. John per railroad on the evening of the 28th October, thankful that during my absence, travels and work for twelve weeks,

I had been sustained and directed, guarded and blessed by the mercy and presence of the Lord.

Thanking you Mr. Editor for inserting these imperfect articles on Newfoundland and hoping that many may become as much interested in the spiritual and eternal welfare of people there, as in other places, to which our sympathies and labours extend.

I remain yours truly, GEORGE ARMSTRONG. St. John, N. B. April 7, 1880.

For the Christian Messenger. The Hants County Cave.

Mr. Editor,— Allow me through the columns of the Christian Messenger to give some further information about the Hants County Cave, I saw in a late number of the Messenger an account of it taken from the Dalhousie Gazette, entitled "A Trip to a Cave." In the Summer of 1873, an American gentleman and myself explored this same cave, and I believe we were the first that ever explored it to any length, we were fully equipped with lanterns and candles, so that we could resort to the other, if one failed, which, by the way, we were warned of. We were told by those living in the vicinity of the cave, that after getting in a certain distance, the lights would not burn, that no person had ever had the audacity to explore its inmost recesses, and should any attempt to do so, in their belief, they would never come out again. But amid all this warning, we were determined to proceed, and, if possible, to find the end. "R." has given a very good description of it, but I found several nooks and chambers, it is possible he, with his feeble light, did not observe. In one of these, after going up a considerable of an elevation, we found pieces of wood in a good state of preservation, which awakened my curiosity and caused me to examine around more closely. With the discovery of a small aperture over head, directly underneath were several pieces of wood being about six inches in diameter. After ascertaining that there was no continuation here, we came back to the main cave and continued our research. At this juncture I might say, the bats would number up to millions. We followed the course of the cave and examined every nook and corner, and every one shewing something new in the formation of the rock or other peculiarity. At last we came to what we supposed to be the end, but on a closer examination we found a small opening in the rock barely large enough to admit a man's body, but we pulled away some stone, and crawled through. After going twenty or thirty yards we came to the end of our rope as "R." terms it. We here carved to considerable depth our initials. I presume the same that R. found, and here let me give some instructions how to find this cave. It is fifteen miles from Shubenacadie Station to South Maitland this being the mouth of the Five Mile River. By following the road that goes up the Five Mile River for two and a half miles, arriving at the farm of Andrew Hase, the tourist has but to cross the River as described by R., and he is in close proximity to the Mammoth cave of Hants County. Here the scenery is most delightful. But when once one arrives within the cave, it seems to speak volumes of that Being, whom we worship and adore. Here exquisite grandeur can only be appreciated by those who believe in a Divine Creator and Ruler of all things. The awful silence seems to speak of One who was not heard in the thunder nor in the whirlwind, but in the still small voice. Here silence reigns all around.

A. R. For the Christian Messenger. Notes from P. E. Island.

Dear Brother,— Permit me to drop you a few notes from P. E. Island to let your readers know that although we are somewhat faint we are yet pursuing. God in His kind Providence sent us two excellent brethren from London—Hinson and Swaffield—in the early part of the winter, who entered upon the Lord's work with praise-worthy devotion and indomitable zeal. Wherever they labored their work was blessed. They are indeed "workmen that needeth not to be ashamed." Their zeal and

success awakened the ire of some, and the jealousy of others, but in spite of all they prospered and many will bless God for their visit to P. E. I. In Grand River Mr. Swaffield's faithful preaching moved the entire community, and many began to see that they were astray and in danger. Pedobaptists began to see that the principles by which their organizations are governed, and the principles of the New Testament are not one and the same. Something must be done by the clergy. What shall it be? Send for Dr. Murray—He comes, but finds in the little Englishman "a foeman more than worthy of his steel." Mr. Swaffield, in his review of Dr. Murray's lectures, gave the doctor a new name by which he is now known, viz: "The Travelling Lexicon and only Exponent of Pedobaptist views in the Province of P. E. Island."

Quite a number were baptized as the result of bro. Swaffield's visit. In Belfast also great good was accomplished— upwards of 20 were added to the church. Bro. Hinson spent a few weeks with us at Montague; much good was the result; 10 were baptized. Bro. H. spent a few days with bro. Gordon at Dundas, several were added to the church there. But nowhere did the preaching of this great man move the people as it did in Charlottetown. Night after night crowds of all classes hung upon his lips, the most intelligent in the city being the most numerous in the congregations.

The spacious new building was found to be by far too small for the people who sought to hear him even on week evenings—as for Sundays it is said that nearly as many turned away as could be admitted. This was exceedingly encouraging to the church who were derided by some for building such a large house, especially when it is remembered that they were not drawn by mere sentimentalism, for such plain, pointed, heartsearching preaching I never listened to. While these good men are truly gospel preachers they fail not to show the good fruits that must follow the reception of the gospel and the terrible doom of those who reject it:

The preaching of these men of God is so heart-searching, that some of the most pious told me they were led to examine closely lest they should have been deceiving themselves.

When such preaching draws multitudes such as flock to hear these brethren, we must conclude that the power of God is there. I forward for insertion here an article which appeared in The Examiner of Charlottetown which speaks well and truly of Mr. Hinson as a preacher:

To the Editor of the Examiner. SIR,—That our community has been stirred as it perhaps never has been before, by the Gospel preaching of the Evangelist, who for some time past has been in our midst—none can deny; and the question passes from one to the other, "Wherein lies the power that thus moves all grades and classes of men?"—Is it in what he says, or in his manner of saying it? One says, "It is his eloquence;" another, "his voice;" whilst another assigns some other cause. Now, though not denying that the Rev. gentleman has gifts entrusted to him by the Giver of every good and perfect gift, peculiarly qualifying him for the great work whereunto the Master has called him, we believe that the power lies not in these, but in the fact that, whilst putting the sinner in his proper position by nature—lost, ruined, and unclean, he lifts up on high and exalts before the people, the once crucified, but now risen and exalted Saviour. He preaches, not about Christ, but Christ. Thus man is debased and the Saviour alone exalted, and the saying is verified and "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Such, we believe, such, we trust, is the charm in Mr. Hinson's preaching. If in anything else, the impression will pass away, as the morning cloud, and as the early dew, and Mr. Hinson would, we know, be the most sincere in deploring, had the servant been honored and the Christ, of whom he testified, not magnified. "No," we can hear him say, as we did on one occasion, "Perish the thought." We believe that he walks in the light, and thus has fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ, and that his heart beats in unison with the great loving heart of Jesus ever sinners perishing. That he may derive power, strength and

heavenly comfort from the great Head of the Church, and be the honored instrument of bringing many to the knowledge of the Saviour, we ask in the name of Jesus.

March 1st, 1880.

Instead of the church benefiting "to a certain extent by admitting him to its platform" as some irresponsible, and, evidently, unfriendly person writes in the Messenger of the 31st ult., Mr. Hinson went there at the urgent and unanimous voice of pastor and people. The pastor baptized 23, and we doubt not many more will yet be added as the result of the meetings then held. Mr. Hinson's stay was not as long as the church would wish, but there is some hope of his returning to the city at some future date.

Both these brethren are now laboring at Summerside, and the Lord is blessing them. Seven have already been baptized and others will also soon follow. May they continue to walk with God and we fear not the result of their efforts.

I am not without tokens of divine favor in this field. You have told your readers recently that I baptized 7 at Cape Bear. On my last visit there I baptized 8 more—6 of them heads of families—1 of them 72 years of age and another about 70. I expect to baptize there again this week and also at Little Sands. This is an important field. Let men who desire a field of labor for Jesus on P. E. I. in which there is plenty of work—good encouragement—and a fair support write to me at Montague Bridge. I must leave soon.

Yours very truly, D. G. MACDONALD. Montague, P. E. I., April 20, 1880.

For the Christian Messenger. Explanation Needed.

In the last number of this journal appears a letter from Rev. W. F. Armstrong, in which the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces are strenuously urged to contribute towards printing a "pure Telugu Bible." In this communication the following sentence occurs:

"The missionaries of the American and Canadian Baptist Missions have united in a strong desire to secure before the close of the present year an independent version to serve till the revision work of the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society is completed."

At home in America, we have had some experience in "revision." With many able scholars on the Committee of the late American Bible Union, the revision issued by that body is far from being acceptable, even to the Baptists as a whole. Have two or three brethren in India, the scholarship, the critical acumen, not to speak of the necessary apparatus in manuscripts, versions, &c., to be entrusted with this work?

And I am perplexed to know how these brethren can expect to accomplish so grave an undertaking "before the close of the present year." Can any body dash off a revision of the New Testament as readily as a pamphlet on some ephemeral subject?

Further, I would like to ask: Is it not rather an unprecedented thing to revise and print Testaments—"an independent version,"—merely for a temporary purpose, or, in Bro. W. F. Armstrong's own language, "to serve till the revision work of the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society is completed."

Will some one who comprehends the meaning of the above paragraph rise to explain?

PASTOR. April 22nd, 1880.

For the Christian Messenger. From Prince Edward Island.

TRUXON, April 20th, 1880.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

Thinking you and the readers of the Christian Messenger would be pleased to hear from this part of the Lord's vineyard; I send a few jottings. Am happy to say that though we, as a church, are far below what it is our privilege to be, spiritually, yet we can say the Lord has not altogether hidden His face from us, for He has been pleased to save souls in our midst, the result of the faithful and earnest proclamation of the truth by our dear Brother W. J. Swaffield of England, an Evangelist now labouring on the Island.

We have had Rev. Trueman Bishop with us for the past fifteen months; the